

LAW STUDENTS:

John E Denny
Epenetus W McIntosh
R.H. Badinger
J H Littlefield
C. C. Ellsworth

DRAWER 4

LAW PARTNERS & STUDENTS

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Abraham Lincoln's Law Partners and Students

Ballinger, Denny, Ellsworth,
Littlefield, McIntosh

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

R. H. BALLINGER, editor and proprietor of the Larned *Chronoscope*, newspaper. He came to Pawnee County, Kan., in May, 1873, and engaged in farming and stock-raising, which he yet continues. He now owns about 300 head of cattle. He became the proprietor of the *Chronoscope* July 9, 1880. His paper has now a circulation of 800, and is Republican in politics. He was born in Knox County, Ky., February 7, 1833, and lived in his native place until 1848. He then lived for some time in Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, in the practice of law. He enlisted August 21, 1861, in Company A, Third Illinois Cavalry. His first promotion was to Second Lieutenant, then Captain of his company, he afterward became Colonel of the Third Mississippi Colored Regiment. He was mustered out in March, 1864. He was educated under John Russell, a graduate of Yale College. He began the study of law in 1856, in the law office of A. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill. He was admitted to the bar in Polk County, Iowa, in 1857. He was postmaster of Virden, Ill., six years. Subsequent to enlisting he served as assistant journal clerk of the Kansas Legislature. He was married in 1857, to Miss Mary E. Norton, of Chatham, Ill. They have one son—Richard A., now completing his junior year in Williams College, Mass. He is a member of the B. F. Larned Post, No. 8, G. A. R.

Lincoln

1861

1864

UNIVERSAL PEACE ADVOCATED BY STUDENT IN LINCOLN'S OFFICE

BY EDWARD L. DENNY.



THE same vital questions are engaging the minds of the people and our government as in Lincoln's time, the fifties and sixties, evidencing the fact that human nature changes little with the passage of time.

Of significant and confirmatory interest are the following excerpts from a lecture delivered by John E. Denny, Jan. 22, 1856, when he was a student in the law office of Lincoln & Herndon, at the age of 23, before the Philomathean Club at Springfield, Ill., on the subject "Can We Reasonably Indulge the Hope of Universal Peace?"

Just to what degree the speaker's attitude was affected by his association with Lincoln, speculative, yet we must assume the general tenor of the address is more or less indicative of public sentiment of the times, during those turbulent years just previous to our great national upheaval.

"The idea is perfectly absurd to the mind of every intelligent and thinking man. The fact that man is created sinful and imperfect, that it is impossible for him to extricate himself from the grip of old Adam, is sufficient proof that universal peace is anything but probable. Man is constantly seeking self-interest, regardless of that of others. Until sin is taken out of man no other condition can come about. Force will always control destinies.

Doesn't War for Peace.

"Man does not war for peace nor to better the conditions of his fellow men. He wars for the gratification of his own selfish ambitions to the sacrifice of the comforts of his neighbor. 'All the rivers are not full.' The eye is not satisfied with seeing nor the ear with hearing. Man is ever reaching out to grasp this world's goods and to share the renown and glory. He is ready to engage in war to show his valor and to show what he has done for his country. Yet his individual interest comes first.

"Caesar and Cataline of Rome and Aaron Burr were men of this character, slaves to ambitious passions, oblivious to sense of duty, ready to sacrifice their countries to their own interests.

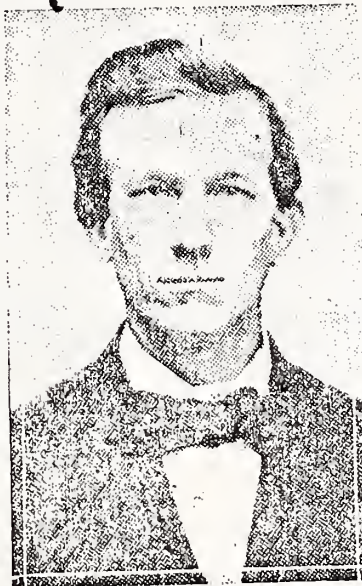
"Until man's nature changes, which we have no reason to believe will come to pass, wars will continue.

"Hell and destruction are never full and the mind of man is never sated. God said 'Let there be light and there was light! Man said let there be blood and there was blood.'

"Ambition is an essential property of human nature and the mind destitute of it would lack one of its prime elements and be like the eagle without his wings or the lion, sans strength.

All Men Love Glory.

"But for it man would not rise to respectable standing, much less soar to that elevation where the range of intellectual vision is widest and the eye of science darts its comprehensive glances over the immense fields of knowledge. All men love glory and pursue it, having recourse to arms as the surest means of accomplishing it. All the horrors of war do not deter



JOHN E. DENNY.

them in the ambition for glory and possession.

"Ignorance is not the primary cause of war. Education has been tried. History tells us that not the ignorant but the most learned have always been at the head of all national strifes. Education has done much, but can not do all. War will continue until all things are made new. War becomes more frequent with the passage of time. . . . Man's most inventive genius is used for more destructive war tools. In former times a few were put to the sword, while now thousands are rushed into the presence of their Maker at one discharge. . . . Not only barbarous nations war but the most enlightened ones. . . .

"The French revolution filled the world with horror. The altar of liberty was reared amid seas of blood and stained with the gore of innocent victims. Man will not see light until he suffers the severest results, and then is not deterred.

Never at Peace.

"There never was a time when all men were at peace in the history of the world, which is demonstration that war is of eternal use to mankind.

"And, 'If that time were, mark where his carnage and his conquest cease, he makes a solitude and calls it peace.'

"What induced the American colonies to throw off their shackles and strike for liberty? It was not for peace, for it was theirs. It was the feeling that they had the power and ambition to be free. Give him the power and he will use it.

"Again, when we turn our eyes to Europe the question arises, what are the causes and why is all Europe in a blaze? Why are men and nations arrayed in deadly hate against one another?

"The answer is jealousy of power and possession, ambition and the fulfillment of the scriptures. . . . It is not a justifiable war, neither for peace nor for that noble cause, liberty. But here we see human nature in

all its glory and natural element, not in the breasts of barbarous nations, not in heathen countries, but in the country where the cradle of the Christian religion was rocked and where it continues to advance in this glorious cause, where the sparks of science and literature were fanned into flame. In a Christian land, where the Bible is extensively known and among God-fearing people. And is not this conclusive evidence that universal peace is no more likely to be realized than that the stars will fall from the heavens?

Anything Else More Likely.

"And when we turn our eyes to our own country do we see anything there that proves universal peace can be hoped for? We think not. On the contrary many conditions prove a demonstration that anything else is more likely.

"Here we boast of freedom, Christian civilization, the land of the Bible, where knowledge and refinement are the leading and most prominent features of our nation's character, the instrument by which the work of reconciliation is to be carried to every quarter of the globe. Do we see anything here that is the least proof of possibility of universal peace? To the contrary, look at the elements of commotion that are already at work in this vast republic and threatening us with a moral earthquake that will convulse it to its foundation. Look at the political degeneracy which pervades the country—look at all the signs of the times, and you will see no cause to indulge in the hope of universal peace ever being realized."

It has been a matter of great regret to me that father was a very reticent man and that our separate homes and sometimes residence in different cities prevented my getting particulars of interest concerning Lincoln.

I have a letter to me from Henry B. Rankin, who now lives at an advanced age in Springfield. He is the author of a work, "Reminiscences of Mrs. Lincoln," published recently. Mr. Rankin says he remembered my father as a law student in the law firm of Lincoln & Herndon in Springfield about 1858.

Indicated by the
4/2/1909

Denny,

Springfield
student in L.'s office

Ind.

5
Indianapolis, Ind.

Sirs;-
Seeing an article in paper of your organization I write you to learn if you could put me in touch with anyone who was a student in Lincoln's office as my father was, who had acquaintance with and remembers father.

Any information along this line will be greatly appreciated.

Yours truly,

Edward L. Denny.

536 South Alabama st., Indianapolis, Ind.

Postmarked Dec. 30, 1932

A YOUNG HERO.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF COLONEL E. E. ELLSWORTH.

BY JOHN HAY,

Author, with John G. Nicolay, of "Abraham Lincoln: a History."



HENRY H. MILLER, A MEMBER
OF THE ORIGINAL COMPANY
OF ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES.

From a photograph loaned
by Mr. Miller and taken in
1861 by Colonel E. L. Brand,
at that time commanding the
company.

IT is in contemplating what the world loses in the deaths of brilliant young citizen soldiers that we appreciate most fully the waste of war and the priceless value of the cause for which such lives were sacrificed. When a man like Henri Regnault—the most substantial hope and promise of art in our century—is seen at the siege of Paris lingering behind his retreating comrades, "*le temps de bruler une dernière cartouche*" the last words he uttered; when a genius like Theodore Winthrop is extinguished in its ardent dawn on an obscure skirmish field; when a patriot and poet like Koerner dies in battle with his work hardly begun—we feel how inadequate are all the millions of the treasury to rival such offerings. We shall have no correct idea what our country is worth to us if we forget all the singing voices that were hushed, all the noble hearts that stopped beating, all the fiery energies that were quenched, that we might be citizens of the great and indivisible Republic of the Western world.

I believe that few men who fell in our civil conflict bore with them out of the world possibilities of fame and usefulness so bright or so important as Colonel Ephraim Elmer Ellsworth, who was killed at Alexandria, Virginia, on May 24, 1861—the first conspicuous victim of the war. The world can never compute, can hardly even

guess, what was lost in his untimely end. He was killed by the first gun he ever heard fired in strife; and his friends, who believe him to have had in him the making of a great soldier, have nothing to support their opinion but the impression made upon them by his manly character, his winning and vigorous personality, and the extraordinary ardor and zest with which his powerful mind turned towards military affairs in the midst of circumstances of almost incredible difficulty and privation. He was one of the dearest of the friends of my youth. I cannot hope to enable the readers of this paper to see him as I saw him. No words can express the vivid brilliancy of his look and his speech, the swift and graceful energy of his bearing. He was not a scholar, yet his words were like martial music; in stature he was less than the medium size, yet his strength was extraordinary; he seemed made of tempered steel. His entire aspect breathed high ambition and daring. His jet-black curls, his open candid brow, his dark eyes, at once fiery and tender, his eagle profile, his mouth just shaded by the youthful growth that hid none of its powerful and delicate lines—the whole face, which seemed made for nothing less than the command of men, whether as general or as orator, comes before me as I write, with a look of indignant appeal to the future for the chance of fame which inexorable fate denied him. The appeal, of course, is in vain. Only a few men, now growing old, knew what he was and what he might have been if life had been spared him for a year or two. I will merely try to show in these few pages, mainly from his own words, how great a heart was broken by the slugs of the assassin at the Marshall House.

He was born in the village of Mechanicville, Saratoga County, New York, on April 23, 1837. His parents were plain people, without culture or means; one cannot guess how this eaglet came into so lowly a nest. He went out into the world at the first opportunity, to seek his fortune; he turned his hand, like other American

ABOUT LINCOLN.

BY A BROOKLYNITE WHO READ
LAW IN HIS OFFICE.

6.15.88

An Interview with J. H. Littlefield, Now
a Portrait Painter—Interesting Remin-
iscences of America's Great Commoner.
Lincoln's Striking Characteristics.

I called the other day at the studio of Mr. J. H. Littlefield on Montague street. He was just putting the finishing touches upon his new portrait of Mr. Beecher, which has since been exhibited upon Fulton street. Mr. Beecher sat for him during the trial and again on his 70th birthday. The conversation turned to the days when Mr. Littlefield was a student in Mr. Lincoln's office in Springfield, Ill., and one thing led to another until the following interesting reminiscences of America's great commoner had been elicited.

"Yes," said Mr. Littlefield, "I was a student in Mr. Lincoln's office for over two years, and the way I came to get there was very singular indeed. My brother, Gen. M. S. Littlefield, was present at one of the joint debates at Ottawa, Ills., between Lincoln and Douglas in the famous canvass for the senatorship in 1858. After the speaking was over Mr. Douglas' friends took him away with a brass band and amid great enthusiasm. For a moment Mr. Lincoln stood alone, then those who sympathized with his sentiments and had been greatly affected by his masterly speech made a rush for him and carried him bodily to his hotel. My brother and another gentleman did most of the carrying, and when they had got to the hotel he said to Mr. Lincoln: 'I have a brother whom I would very much like to have enter your office as a student.' 'All right,' was his reply, 'send him down and we will take a look at him.' I was then studying law at Grand Rapids, Mich., and on hearing from my brother, immediately packed up and started for Springfield. I arrived there on Saturday night and put up at the American house. On Sunday Mr. Lincoln was pointed out to me. I well remember this first sight of him. He was striding along holding little Tad, then about 6 years old, by the hand, who could with the greatest difficulty keep up with his father. In the morning I applied at the office of Lincoln & Herndon for admission as a student.

"The morning I entered the office Mr. Lincoln and his partner, William H. Herndon, were both present. Mr. Lincoln addressed his partner thus: 'Billie, this is the young man of whom I spoke to you. Whatever arrangement you make with him will be satisfactory to me.' Then turning to me he said: 'I hope you will not become so enthusiastic in your studies of Blackstone and Kent as did two young men whom we had here. Do you see that spot over there?' pointing to a large ink stain on the wall. 'Well, one of these young men got so enthusiastic in his pursuit of legal lore that he fired an inkstand at the other one's head, and that is the mark he made.' I immediately began to clean up about the office a little. Mr. Lincoln had been in congress and had the usual amount of seeds to distribute to the farmers. These were sent out with Free Soil and Republican documents. In my efforts to clear up I found that some of the seeds had sprouted in the dirt that had collected in the office.

PLEADING A HORSE CASE.

"Judge Logan and Mr. Lincoln were once engaged on opposite sides of a horse case. Judge Logan displayed a great deal of knowledge about horses, and, as was the custom with lawyers at that day, in the heat of the argument had laid off his coat and vest. Unfortunately for him he had put his shirt on hind side before. When he had finished Mr. Lincoln arose and asked his opponent if he

would please rise. The judge complied. 'Will you please turn your back to the jury? Now, gentlemen of the jury,' said Lincoln, 'what sort of value can you place upon Judge Logan's knowledge of horses when he doesn't know enough to put his shirt on right side foremost when he comes into court?' A roar of laughter followed this sally, and when Mr. Lincoln had finished his argument the jury gave a verdict in his favor.

"Mr. Lincoln was engaged in a case which made a great deal of stir in Illinois while I was a student in his office. One Greek Crafton, a strong, burly fellow, was paying attentions to a young lady living in the vicinity of Springfield. She had another suitor at the same time by the name of Quinn Harrison. Crafton told Harrison if he didn't cease his attentions to the young lady he would thrash him. Harrison replied that if he made an attack upon him he would defend himself. Crafton one day came to the post-office, and, seeing Harrison reading a newspaper, threw his arms around him and tried to hold him. Harrison struggled away, and drawing a dagger, plunged it into Crafton's vitals. Crafton's lawyers claimed on the trial that he acted in self defense. I was in the court when Mr. Lincoln made his speech before the jury for Harrison. He used this illustration: 'In the early days a party of men went out to hunt the wild boar. When the game was seen one of the hunters immediately climbed a tree, the other seized the game by the ears, and after several ineffectual tussles with him he cried to his companion, who was up the tree: "For God's sake, Jim, come down and help me to let go." Mr. Lincoln made this application of the story. 'If Crafton took hold of Harrison in self defense it follows logically that he would have to continue to hold him for all time, and that eventually he would require some one to help him let go.' The jury gave a verdict of acquittal for Mr. Lincoln's client.

"Mr. Lincoln was an indefatigable newspaper reader and was noted for his familiarity with political affairs in all parts of the country. He subscribed for several papers published in the south—one, I know, came from South Carolina. He had an innumerable number of anecdotes of public men always at the end of his tongue. He had great tenacity of memory, and once a fact was fixed in his mind he never forgot it. His fondness for telling stories is often alluded to, but he possessed a certain dignity that prevented persons from going only just so far with them. People called him Uncle Abe long before he was nominated for the presidency, and often I have seen him sitting on the steps of stores chatting with his friends. As a relaxation from professional cares he would go out and play ball. The game was what was called barn ball, and it consisted in knocking the ball against the side of a building and then hitting it again on the rebound. I have seen Mr. Lincoln go into this sport with a great deal of zest. Notwithstanding his love for good stories and funny sayings he usually had a forlorn expression on his face and appeared many times to be in a brown study. One of his striking characteristics was simplicity, and nowhere was this trait more strikingly exhibited than in his willingness to receive instruction from anybody and everybody."

Littlefield

W. L. GAT

boys, to anything he could find to do. He lived a while in New York, and finally drifted to Chicago, where we find him, in the spring of 1859, a clerk and student in the law office of Mr. J. E. Cone. From his earliest boyhood he had a passionate love of the army. He learned as a child the manual of arms; he picked up instinctively a knowledge of the pistol and the rifle; he became, almost without instruction, a scientific fencer. But he was now of age, and determined to be a lawyer, since, to all appearance, there was no chance for him in the army. The way in which he pursued his legal studies he has set down in a diary which he kept for a little while. He began it on his twenty-second birthday. "I do this," he said, "because it seems pleasant to be able to look back upon our past lives and note the gradual change in our sentiments and views of life; and because my life has been, and bids fair to be, such a jumble of strange incidents that, should I become anybody or anything, this will be useful as a means of showing how much suffering and temptation a man may undergo and still keep clear of despair and vice."

He was neat, almost foppish, in his attire; not strictly fashionable, for he liked bright colors, flowing cravats, and hats that suggested the hunter or ranger rather than the law clerk; yet the pittance for which he worked was very small, and his poverty extreme. He therefore economized upon his food. He lived for months together upon dry biscuits and water. Here is a touching entry from his diary: "Had an opportunity to buy a desk to-day worth forty-five dollars, for fourteen dollars. It was just such a one as I needed, and I could sell at any time for more than was asked for it. I bought it at auction. I can now indulge my ideas of order in the arrangement of my papers to their fullest extent. Paid five dollars of my own money and borrowed

ten dollars of James Clayburne; promised to return it next Tuesday. By the way, this was an instance in a small way of the importance of little things. Some two years since, when I was so poor, I went one day into an eating-house on an errand. While there, Clayburne and several friends came in.

"As I started to go out they stopped me and insisted upon my having an oyster stew. I refused, for I always made it a practice never to accept even an apple from any one, because I could not return

like courtesies. While they were clamoring about the matter and I trying to get from them, the waiter brought on the oysters for the whole party, having taken it for granted that I was going to stay. So to escape making myself any more conspicuous by further refusal, I sat down. How gloriously every morsel tasted—the first food I had touched for three days and three nights. When I came to Chicago with a pocket full of money I sought James out and told him I owed him half a dollar. He said no, but I insisted my memory was better than his, and made him take it. Well, when I wanted ten dollars, I went to him, and he gave it to me freely, and would take no security. Have written four hours this evening; two pounds of crackers; sleep on office floor to-night."



ELLSWORTH IN THE SPRING OF 1861, WHEN HE WAS A LIEUTENANT IN THE REGULAR ARMY AND JUST BEFORE HE RECRUITED THE REGIMENT OF NEW YORK ZOUAVES.

From a photograph by Brady in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster, by whose permission it is here reproduced.

The diary relates many incidents like this. He took a boyish pride in refusing offers of assistance, in resisting temptation to innocent indulgence, in passing most of his hours in study, earning only enough by his copying to keep body and soul together. One entry is, "Read one hundred and fifty pages of Blackstone—slept on floor." Such a regimen was not long in having its effect upon even his rugged health. He writes: "I tried to read, but could not. I am afraid my strength will not hold out. I have contracted a cold by sleeping on the floor, which has



ELLSWORTH IN 1860, WHEN HE WAS CAPTAIN OF THE CHICAGO COMPANY.

From a photograph loaned by Mr. H. H. Miller of Chicago, a member of the Chicago company, and taken July 2, 1860, by Colonel E. L. Brand of Chicago, a member of Ellsworth's Chicago company, and afterwards in command of it. In the State House at Springfield, Illinois, is a portrait group of the members of the Ellsworth company, with a reproduction of this portrait of Ellsworth in the centre.

settled in my head, and nearly sets me crazy with catarrh. Then there is that gnawing, unsatisfied sensation which I begin to feel again, which prevents any long-continued application." About this time he was urged to take command of a company of cadets which, through mismanagement, had been reduced to a deplorable condition. He at first declined, but afterward consented if the company would accept certain rigorous conditions of discipline and obedience. He was as firm as granite to his company, and cheery and gay to the world, while in his private life he was subjecting himself to the cruel rigors described in his diary of April 21: "I am convinced that the course of reading which I am pursuing is not sufficiently thorough. Have commenced again at beginning of Blackstone. I now read a proposition or paragraph and reason upon it; try to get at the principle involved, in my own language; view it in every light till I think I understand it; then write it down in my commonplace book. My pro-

gress is, in consequence, very slow, as it takes on an average half an hour to each page. Attended meeting of cadets' committee on ways and means; all my propositions accepted. I spent my last ten cents for crackers to-day. Ten pages of Blackstone."

The next day he writes: "My mind was so occupied with obtaining money due tomorrow that I could not study. Five pages of Blackstone. Nothing whatever to eat. I am very tired and hungry to-night. Onward."

In these circumstances of hunger and toil, he took charge of the company of cadets, which was falling to pieces from neglect. There was no sign in his bearing of the poverty and famine which were consuming him. He told them roundly that if they elected him their captain they did so with their eyes open; that he should enforce the strictest discipline, and make their company second to none in the United States. His laws were Draconic in their severity. He forbade his cadets from en-

tering a drinking or gambling saloon or any other disreputable place under penalty of expulsion, publication of the offender's name in the city papers, and forfeiture of uniform. He insisted on prompt obedience and unrelenting drill. The company under his firm and inspiring command rapidly pulled itself together, and attracted all at once the notice and admiration of Chicago and northern Illinois. The young captain did not give up his law studies. He wrote and affixed to his desk a card which contained his own daily orders: "So aim to spend your time that at night, when looking back at the disposal of the day, you find no time misspent, no hour, no moment even, which has not resulted in some benefit, no action which had not a purpose in it. Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays: Rise at 5 o'clock; 5 to 10, study; 10 to 1, copy; 1 to 4, business; 4 to 7, study; 7 to 8, exercise; 8 to 10, study. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays: Rise at 6; 6 to 10, study; 10 to 1, business; 1 to 7, study and copy; 7 to 11, drill."

Working faithfully as he did in the office, his whole heart was in his drill room. His fame as a fencer went abroad in the town, and he was challenged to a bout by the principal teacher of the art in Chicago. Ellsworth records the combat in his diary of May 24th: "This evening the fencer of whom I have heard so much came up to the armory to fence with me. He said to his pupils and several others that if I held to the low guard he would disarm me every time I raised my foil. He is a great gymnast, and I fully expected to be beaten. The result was: I disarmed him four times, hit him thirty times. He disarmed me once and hit me five times. At the *touche-à-touche* I touched him in two places at the same allonge, and threw his foil from him several feet. He was very angry, though he tried to conceal it."

Public interest constantly grew in the

Zouaves and their young captain. Large crowds attended every drill. The newspapers began to report all their proceedings, and to comment upon them with more or less malevolence; for military companies were treated with scant respect in Western towns before the war. Ellsworth at last determined to confront hostile opinion by giving a public exhibition of the proficiency of his company on the Fourth of July. He was not without trepidation. The night before the Fourth he wrote: "To-morrow will be an eventful day to me;

to-morrow I have to appear in a conspicuous position before thousands of citizens—an immense number of whom, without knowing me except by sight, are prejudiced against me. To-morrow will demonstrate the truth or falsity of my assertion that the citizens would encourage military companies if they were worthy of respect." The result was an overwhelming success; and the young soldier, after his feast of crackers the next night, wrote in exultation: "Victory! And thank God!"

The Chicago "Tribune," which had previously been unfriendly to the little company who were trying to make soldiers of themselves, gave a long and flattering account of the performance, and said: "We but express

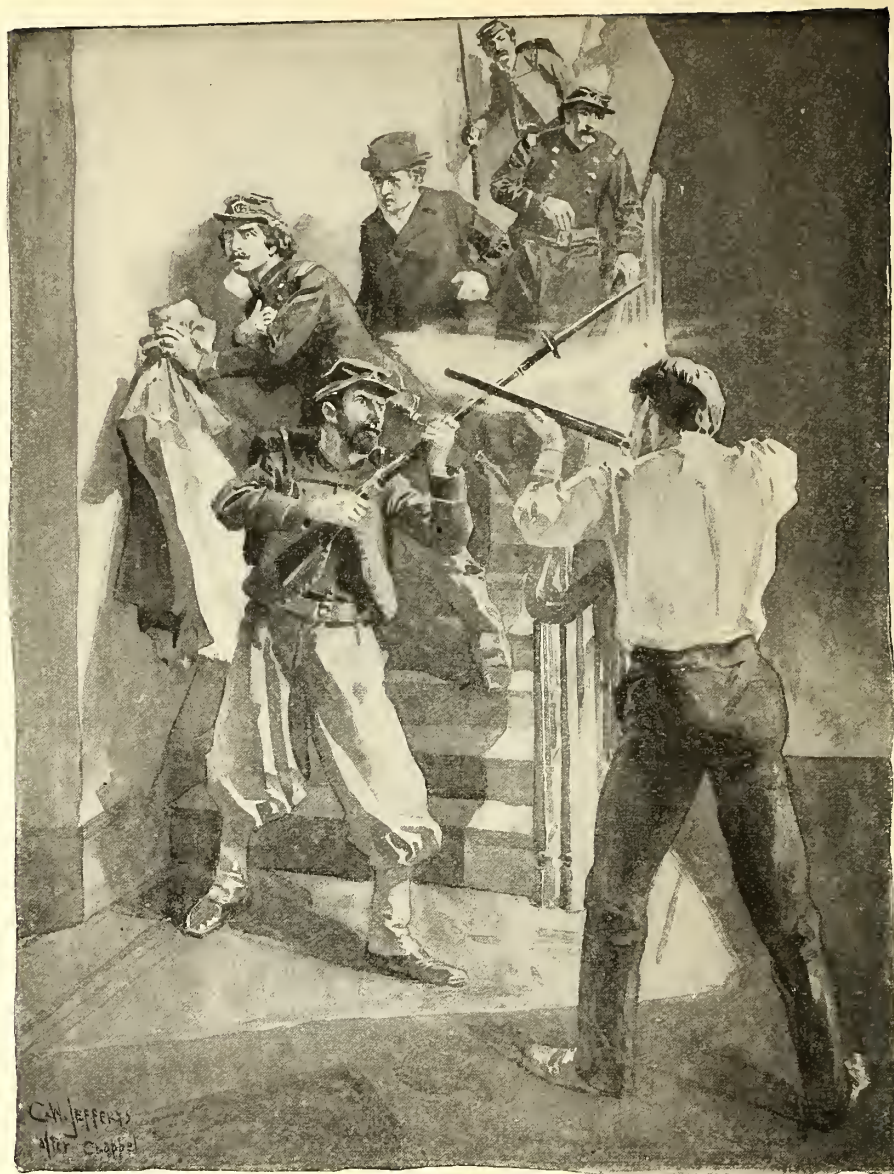
the opinion of all who saw the drill yesterday morning, when we say this company cannot be surpassed this side of West Point."

Encouraged by this public applause, he brought his company of Zouaves as near to absolute perfection of drill as was possible; and then, having tested them in as many competitive contests as were within reach, he challenged the militia companies of the United States, and set forth in the summer of 1860 on a tour of the country which was one unbroken succession of triumphs. He defeated the crack companies in all the principal Eastern cities, and



FRANK E. BROWNELL, WHO KILLED THE ASSASSIN OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

From a photograph in the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster, by whose permission it is here reproduced.



THE DEATH OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

went back to Chicago one of the most talked-of men in the country. Hundreds of Zouave companies started up in his wake, and a very considerable awakening of interest in military matters was the substantial result of his journey.

On his return to Illinois he made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, and gained at once his friendship and esteem. He entered his office in Springfield ostensibly as a law student; but Mr. Lincoln was then a candidate for the Presidency, and Ellsworth read very little law that autumn.

He made some Republican speeches in the country towns about Springfield, bright, witty, and good-natured. But his mind was full of a project which he hoped to accomplish by the aid of Mr. Lincoln—no less than the establishment in the War Department of a bureau of militia, by which the entire militia system of the United States should be concentrated, systematized, and made efficient: an enormous undertaking for a boy of twenty-three; but his plans were clear, definite, and comprehensive.

[Incomplete]

By a Brooklynite Who Was a Student in His Law Office.

An Interview With Mr. Littlefield, the Artist. Story Telling With Examples — Personal Peculiarities—The President's Assassination at Washington.

I called the other day at the studio of Mr. J. H. Littlefield on Montague street. He was just putting the finishing touches upon his new portrait of Mr. Beecher, which has since been exhibited on Fulton street. Mr. Beecher sat for him during the trial and again on his 70th birthday. The conversation turned to the days when Mr. Littlefield was a student in Mr. Lincoln's office in Springfield, Ill., and one thing led to another until the following interesting reminiscences of America's great commoner had been elicited.

"Yes," said Mr. Littlefield, "I was a student in Mr. Lincoln's office for over two years, and the way I came to get there was very singular indeed. My brother, General M. S. Littlefield, was present at one of the joint debates at Ottawa, Ill., between Lincoln and Douglas in the famous canvass for the Senatorship in 1858. After the speaking was over Mr. Douglas' friends took him away with a brass band and amid great enthusiasm. For a moment Mr. Lincoln stood alone, then those who sympathized with his sentiments and had been greatly affected by his masterly speech made a rush for him and carried him bodily to his hotel. My brother and another gentleman did most of the carrying and when they had got to the hotel he said to Mr. Lincoln, 'I have a brother whom I would very much like to have enter your office as a student.' 'All right,' was his reply, send him down and we will take a look at him.' I was then studying law at Grand Rapids, Mich., and on hearing from my brother, immediately packed up and started for Springfield. I arrived there on Saturday night and put up at the American House. On Sunday Mr. Lincoln was pointed out to me. I well remember this first sight of him. He was striding along holding little Tad, then about 6 years old, by the hand, who could with the greatest difficulty keep up with his father. In the morning I applied at the office of Lincoln & Herndon for admission as a student. The office was on the second floor of a brick building on the public square, opposite the Court House. You went up one flight of stairs and then passed along a hallway to the rear office, which was a medium sized room. There was one long table in the center of the room and a shorter one running in the opposite direction, forming a T, and both were covered with green baize. There were two windows which looked into the back yard. In one corner was an old fashioned secretary with pigeon holes and a drawer and here Mr. Lincoln and his partner kept their law papers. There was also a book case containing about 200 volumes of law as well as miscellaneous books. The morning I entered the office Mr. Lincoln and his partner, William H. Herndon, were both present. Mr. Lincoln addressed his partner thus: 'Billie, this is the young man of whom I spoke to you. Whatever arrangement you make with him will be satisfactory to me.' Then turning to me he said, 'I hope you will not become so enthusiastic in your studies of Blackstone and Kent as did two young men who we had here. Do you see that spot over there?' pointing to a large ink stain on the wall. 'Well, one of those young men got so enthusiastic in his pursuit of legal lore that he trod an inkstand at the other one's head and that is the mark he made.'

"I immediately began to clean up about the office a little. Mr. Lincoln had been in Congress and had the usual amount of seeds to distribute to the farmers. These were sent out with Free Soil and Republican documents. In my efforts to clear up I found that some of the seeds had sprouted in the dirt that had collected in the office. Judge Logan and Milton S. Hay, uncle of John Hay, occupied the front offices on the same floor with Lincoln & Herndon, and one day Mr. Hay came in and said, with apparent astonishment: 'What's happened here?' 'Oh,' replied Mr. Lincoln, pointing to me, 'this young man has been cleaning up.' Judge Logan and Mr. Lincoln were once engaged on opposite sides of a horse case. Judge Logan displayed a great deal of knowledge about horses and, as was the custom with lawyers at that day, in the heat of the argument had rid off his coat and vest. Unfortunately for him he had put his shirt

I heard a good story while I was up in the country. Judge B. was complimenting the landlord on the excellence of his beef. 'I am surprised,' he said, 'that you have such good beef. You must have to kill a whole critter every-time you want any.' 'Yes,' said the landlord, 'we never kill less than a whole critter.' Mr. Lincoln was a member of the Sons of Temperance and at one time delivered temperance speeches. He seemed to care very little about eating, drinking or dress, his mind seeming to be constantly absorbed in weightier matters. Once he delivered a speech at Ottawa. He wore a suit of duck. As he progressed in his argument he took off his coat and his vest. His pantaloons had evidently shrunk in washing, for they did not come within six inches of the tops of his shoes. His audience, however, made no note of these things. They were carried away with his oratory and the force of his logic. His grotesque appearance rather added to the effect of his address. I received the telegram asking Mr. Lincoln to make his now famous Cooper Institute address in 1860. After he had read the message he asked his partner what he should take as his subject and Mr. Herndon said, 'Talk on politics by all means, that seems to be your forte.' I learned afterward that Mr. Lincoln had been asked to lecture in Plymouth Church, and he went East under the impression that he was to speak in Brooklyn. He purchased a new suit of broadcloth for the occasion, but not wishing to soil it on the journey, he stuffed it into a not very capacious valise, and I am told that when he reached New York it was a mass of wrinkles. But when he got up to speak before that immense audience in Cooper Institute he carried them right along with him and they thought no more of his personal appearance than did his hearers at Ottawa when he spoke in his shirt sleeves. I was with him in the office of the *Illinois State Journal* when the news of his nomination to the Presidency was received. He seemed to be very deeply impressed and somewhat embarrassed. Rising from his chair he went round and shook everybody by the hand without saying a word, and we then passed out into the open air. Then Mr. Lincoln said: 'I believe I will go home and tell my wife about this.' Mrs. Lincoln had displayed more zeal in regard to the Presidential nomination than her husband had. In fact there is no doubt that she was constantly spurring him on for she was very ambitious. Mr. Lincoln occupied a room in the State House during the Presidential campaign and John G. Nicolay and John Hay, who are writing the history which is appearing in the *Century*, attended to his correspondence.

"On a certain day during the campaign a fine looking gentleman called, and when introduced to Mr. Lincoln said: 'I have come all the way from Louisiana to see you and hear you talk. Wild rumors are afloat as to what you are going to do if you get to be President, and I want to hear what you have got to say on the subject yourself.' Mr. Lincoln eyed him sharply for a moment, as if to reassure himself of his sincerity, and then replied: 'Sir, if I am elected President of the United States I will be the President of the whole people. I will give the South all her rights. My opinions on slavery are well known. I shall take care, however, that all the laws are enforced faithfully, the fugitive slave law included.' The stranger seemed very much impressed with Mr. Lincoln's words and said: 'I wish all our people could see you and hear what you say.' And as he grasped Mr. Lincoln's hand in parting, he said: 'May God give you strength to carry out this policy.' There is no doubt that Mr. Lincoln was altogether misunderstood by the South and if his purposes could have been known to the rank and file and they could have acted independently of the leaders there would have been no war.

"I took a good deal of pains in getting up a speech which I wanted to deliver during the campaign. I told Mr. Lincoln that I would like to read it to him. One day he came into the office, sat down in one chair and put his feet into another one and said: 'John you can fire away with that speech, I guess I can stand it.' I unrolled the manuscript and proceeded with some trepidation. 'That's a good point John,' Mr. Lincoln would say at certain places and at others he would say 'That's good,' 'Very good indeed,' until I felt very much elated over my effort. I delivered that speech fifty times during the campaign, and at the wigwag in Springfield the night before election, I was called out and got off the old speech for the last time. Mrs. Lincoln came up and thanked me for my effort after the meeting.

"Elmer E. Ellsworth, afterward Colonel of the famous Zouaves, who was killed in Alexandria by Jackson early in the war, was nominally a student in Mr. Lincoln's office. His head was so full of military matters, however, that he thought little of law. Ellsworth borrowed my speech and went out down and delivered it on several occa-

on blind side before. When he had finished Mr. Lincoln arose and asked his opponent if he would please rise. The judge complied. 'Will you please turn your back to the jury?' Now, gentlemen of the jury," said Lincoln, "what sort of value can you place upon Judge Logan's knowledge of horses, when he doesn't know enough to put his shirt on right side foremost when he comes into court." A roar of laughter followed this sally, and when Mr. Lincoln had finished his argument the jury gave a verdict in his favor. Mr. Lincoln was engaged in a case which made a great deal of stir in Illinois while I was a student in his office. One Greek Crafton, a strong, curly fellow, was paying attentions to a young lady living in the vicinity of Springfield. She had another suitor at the same time by the name of Quinn Harrison. Crafton told Harrison if he didn't cease his attentions to the young lady he would thrash him. Harrison replied that if he made an attack upon him he would defend himself. Crafton one day came into the post office, and, seeing Harrison reading a newspaper, threw his arms around him and tried to hold him. Harrison struggled away, and, drawing a dagger, plunged it into Crafton's vitals. Crafton's lawyers claimed on the trial that he acted in self-defense. I was in court when Mr. Lincoln made his speech before the jury for Harrison. He used this illustration: "In the early days a party of men went out to hunt the wild bear. When the game was seen one of the hunters immediately climbed a tree, the other seized the game by the ears, and after several ineffectual tussles with him he cried to his companion, who was up the tree: 'For God's sake, Jim, come down and help me to let go.' Mr. Lincoln made this application of the story. 'If Crafton took hold of Harrison in self-defense it follows logically that he would have to continue to hold him for all time, and that eventually he would require some one to help him let go.' The jury gave a verdict of acquittal for Mr. Lincoln's client.

"Mr. Lincoln was an indefatigable newspaper reader and was noted for his familiarity with political affairs in all parts of the country. He subscribed for several papers published in the South; one, I know, came from South Carolina. He had an innumerable number of anecdotes of public men always on the end of his tongue. 'There is Representative B—, of Virginia,' I heard him say once, 'he can take up a forlorn case in Congress and display more ability in talking with it than most other men would in gaining success.' He had great tenacity of memory, and once a fact was fixed in his mind he never forgot it. His fondness for telling stories is often alluded to, but he possessed a certain dignity that prevented persons from going only just so far with him. People called him Uncle Ab— long before he was nominated for the Presidency, and often I have seen him sitting on the steps of stores, chatting with his friends. As a relaxation from professional cares he would go out and play ball. The game was what was called barn ball and it consisted in knocking the ball against the side of a building and then hitting it again on the rebound. I have seen Mr. Lincoln go into this sport with a great deal of zest. Notwithstanding his love for good stories and funny sayings, he usually had a forlorn expression on his face and appeared many times to be in a brown study. One of his striking characteristics was simplicity, and nowhere was this trait more strikingly exhibited than in his willingness to receive instruction from anybody and from everybody. One day he came into the office and addressing his partner, said: 'Billie, what's the meaning of antithesis?' Mr. Herndon gave him the definition of the word and I said: 'Mr. Lincoln, if you will allow me, I will give you an example.' 'All right, John, go ahead,' said Mr. Lincoln, in his hearty manner. 'Phillips says, in his essay on Napoleon: "A protended patriot, he impoverished the country; a professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope," etc. Mr. Lincoln thanked me and seemed very much pleased. While I was in the office Robert Lincoln was in Harvard College, and I would occasionally hear Mr. Lincoln say: 'Well, I must send Bob some money.' After his nomination I heard him say: 'Billie, that boy Bob says he must have some money, as he has got to entertain his class in consequence of my having been nominated for the Presidency.' It was customary for Mr. Lincoln, in the practice of his profession, to ride on horseback to distant courts to argue cases. He put up at country inns, and meeting lawyers and judges they amused themselves in telling stories, and in this art—and it is an art—Mr. Lincoln became an adept. One day, I remember, he had just got in from one of these extended trips when I heard him say to his partner: 'Billie,

sions during the campaign. Mr. Lincoln said: 'That young man has a real genius for war.' On February 11, 1861 the President elect made a rather sad and at the same time touching speech on his leaving Springfield to assume his duties as President. He spoke of the terrible responsibilities which were about to be laid upon him and how he needed the prayers and encouragement of his old friends.

"I did not see Mr. Lincoln again until September, 1862, when I called upon him at the Soldiers' Home. He inquired very particularly regarding the political situation in Illinois. I replied that we would carry Northern Illinois. 'But how about the central and southern sections?' he asked. I said that they were doubtful. I will never forget the indescribable expression of sadness which came over his face at this statement. It was just after Pope's defeat at the second Battle of Bull Run and people in Illinois were feeling very blue. I did not tell Mr. Lincoln how bad the situation really was. I received an appointment in the Register's office of the Treasury. It was my duty to record the certificates of indebtedness which were given for war material. I had the entree at the White House and called frequently for a social chat with Mr. Lincoln. I would now and then give him a good story that I had run across. He always relished these, but at the same time he seemed wrapped in gloom, in fact gloom seemed to drip off the window. Notwithstanding this he would tell stories with his old time fervor. One evening I called at the White House and found that in consequence of having a very severe toothache Mr. Lincoln was not attending to any official business, but was supposed to be attending to his toothache. Upon closer inquiry and search, however, I found him in one of the upper rooms. Several of his special friends, members of Congress and others, were seated about. On the wall was a large war map and Mr. Lincoln, notwithstanding his toothache, was describing certain campaigns. As I entered I remember his saying: 'Gentlemen, I put no faith in this Yazoo expedition. I am afraid they will come out just where they started from. It reminds me of the old farmer out in Illinois who was troubled by the pigs getting into his garden. He thought he had closed up every hole in the fence, but he found, upon looking more closely, that there was a hollow log through which the old sow and pigs walked very comfortably into his garden. He then rolled this log over so it lay nearly parallel with the fence. The next time the old sow and her family entered the log, she came out about where she started from, and so it will be with this Yazoo River expedition—it will come out on the same side of the log.' The morning following the night of Mr. Lincoln's assassination my landlady came to my door very early and through her sobbing said: 'Something terrible has happened. Mr. Lincoln has been shot.' I dressed myself in great haste and hurried down town, when by degrees I learned the events of that terrible night."

Mr. Littlefield in his youth had displayed considerable skill in painting and decorating carriages and sleighs which his father manufactured at Cicero, Onondaga County, New York. He tells of once painting a yellow bird on the back of a cutter and when the village schoolmaster saw it, he said: 'John, whatever you succeeded in doing in future you will never be able to beat that.' While he prosecuted his law studies he took considerable interest in art matters and essayed more difficult things than those which claimed his attention in his youthful days. After the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Littlefield decided to make a picture of the death bed scene. For this purpose he obtained sittings from all those who were present, of whom he made portraits in oil. These were grouped and a large picture made in India ink, which were photographed. Thousands of copies of this death bed scene have been sold and it has become historic. Since the success achieved with this picture Mr. Littlefield has devoted himself to art. He made a portrait of Mr. Lincoln, which has been engraved and is considered one of the best, the original cartoon being owned by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the Tribune. He has also made portraits from life of many noted men, including Generals Grant, Sherman and Rawlins and William Cullen Bryant.

C. D. B.

Edward Olson, the new president of the University of Dakota, is a Norwegian by birth and succeeded Professor Boise, the noted Greek scholar, as professor of Greek at Chicago University, holding the position until the university was suspended. Mr. Olson is the first college president of Scandinavian origin.

Booky, 1862

Lincoln's Law Student.

In 1837 Abraham Lincoln located as a lawyer in Springfield, then a city of 1,800 people, and far more prominent, therefore, than now. And there, in that profession, with various changes of partnership, he remained till he left it in 1861. Mr. John H. Littlefield, an artist of Brooklyn, N. Y., who studied law under Lincoln, gives these interesting reminiscences:

I was a young man then, and had gone to Springfield from Grand Rapids, Mich., to study law under Messrs. Lincoln & Herndon, lawyers. I arrived Saturday night, and Sunday morning took a stroll from the hotel with a companion. A tall, melancholy looking man, leading a little boy, passed us. My companion said, "That is Abraham Lincoln and his boy Tad." I confess I was not prepossessed with his personal appearance. After I became a student in his office his wonderful magnetism and greatness grew upon me until I became his most ardent admirer and supporter. It was very pleasant studying law under such a genial and kind hearted man. He always looked melancholy when his face was in repose. He read very little, but thought very much. His favorite position when unraveling some knotty law point was to stretch both of his legs at full length upon a chair in front of him.

In this position, with books on the table near by and in his lap, he worked up his case. No matter how deeply interested in his work, if any one came in he had something humorous and pleasant to say, and usually wound up by telling a joke or an anecdote. I have heard him relate the same anecdote three times within as many hours to persons who came in at different periods, and every time he laughed as heartily and enjoyed it as if it were a brand new story. His humor was infectious. I had to laugh because I thought it funny that Mr. Lincoln could enjoy a story so repeatedly told. There was no order in the office at all. Mr. Lincoln sometimes put on a new suit of clothes, but in a few hours its newness disappeared.

OFFICE BOY FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN

E. W. McINTOSH VISITS THE IOWA
GRAND ARMY REUNIONS—
TALKS OF ABE.

WAS MEMBER OF FIRST POST

His First Drum Was Handed Him
from a Christmas Tree by Lin-
coln at Springfield.

Des Moines, Iowa, Aug. 4.—Major E. W. McIntosh of Omaha, a member of the Fourteenth Illinois infantry, office boy for Abraham Lincoln when he was practicing law in Springfield, drummer boy through the civil war and the only surviving member of the first G. A. R. post, is in Des Moines for a few days on his way to attend Grand Army reunions in Iowa.

Major McIntosh when a boy lived across the street from President Lincoln in Springfield. He knew him as a child knows the leading citizen of a town and reveres him. It was President Lincoln, then a leading attorney, who saw to it that he and other children got to Sunday School on rainy days in his roomy wagon. It was only natural that Major McIntosh should apply to Mr. Lincoln when he was ten years of age for some kind of employment. He was set to work painting the picket fence around Lincoln's home. Then he was taken into the office as an errand boy and the close associations between the man and the boy cemented a friendship that did not end until President Lincoln's death.

Talks of Lincoln.

"I want to say first of all in answer to the critics that President Lincoln was one of the most religious men I ever knew," said Major McIntosh. "In fact he was an old-fashioned, moss back Methodist. Every Sunday morning he would come to my father's house across the street and in arm in arm they would go to the old-fashioned class meeting held before church. Then he would go again in the afternoon. In muddy weather he would gather up all of the children in the neighborhood, put them in a big spring wagon and take them to Sunday school. There were no street cars or even mule cars. He was a rank Methodist and the kindest man I ever knew.

"He was not very good to look at but he was interesting. He looked like he ought to have been arrested for running a bone yard, he was that bony. His wife was as homely as a mud fence in wet weather. He was as great a joker as she was quiet. She would sit on the porch all day and sew and never say a word. He always had some joke and that used to plague his wife. One day she got mighty mad at him because he laughed when a funeral went by. I was only a boy, but I heard her ask him who

was dead, and he said the man in the box, of course. She never saw anything funny in anything he would say. She did not have much sense of humor I guess.

Joked on Appearance.

"He used to joke about how homely they both were. One day when he started to make a speech and I heard him he said that he married his wife because she was so beautiful and she married him because he was so handsome. An old man got up in the audience, put his hand to his ear and said, 'Abe, you both got mighty fooled,' and you should have heard Abe laugh.

"He could not bear to have anything hurt. One day he was riding along and he saw a beetle on its back in the road kicking all of its feet. He stopped the horse, got out of his buggy and turned the bug over, saying, 'Well, that bug has a chance with other bugs now.' He always wanted a square deal. People used to laugh at him for doing those things, but it showed the good principle in him.

Lincoln Feared War.

"I believe he thought we were going to have war some day. One day a lot of us children were marching down an alley with paper caps on and sticks for swords. When we came to his place he looked over the fence at us and I can see him yet with his tall silk hat, rather sorrowful. 'Boy,' he said, 'train up right, we may need you some day,' and sure enough he did.

"Abe hated to see anybody suffer and especially a woman. During the war I was in his office at Washington and a woman came in pleading for her son's life. He told her he could do nothing for her and she fell upon the floor praying. He gave her the reprieve order and she was just in time by telegraphing from Alexandria to save her boy. He issued an order in 1862 that no union soldier should be shot over his coffin but be sent to work on fortifications. That was his merciful spirit. He could not stand to see any one hurt. I asked him why he pardoned so many men and he said that the war was making so many widows that he did not want to make any more than he could help. He was a grand old man and little understood. Just to see him day after day was an inspiration."

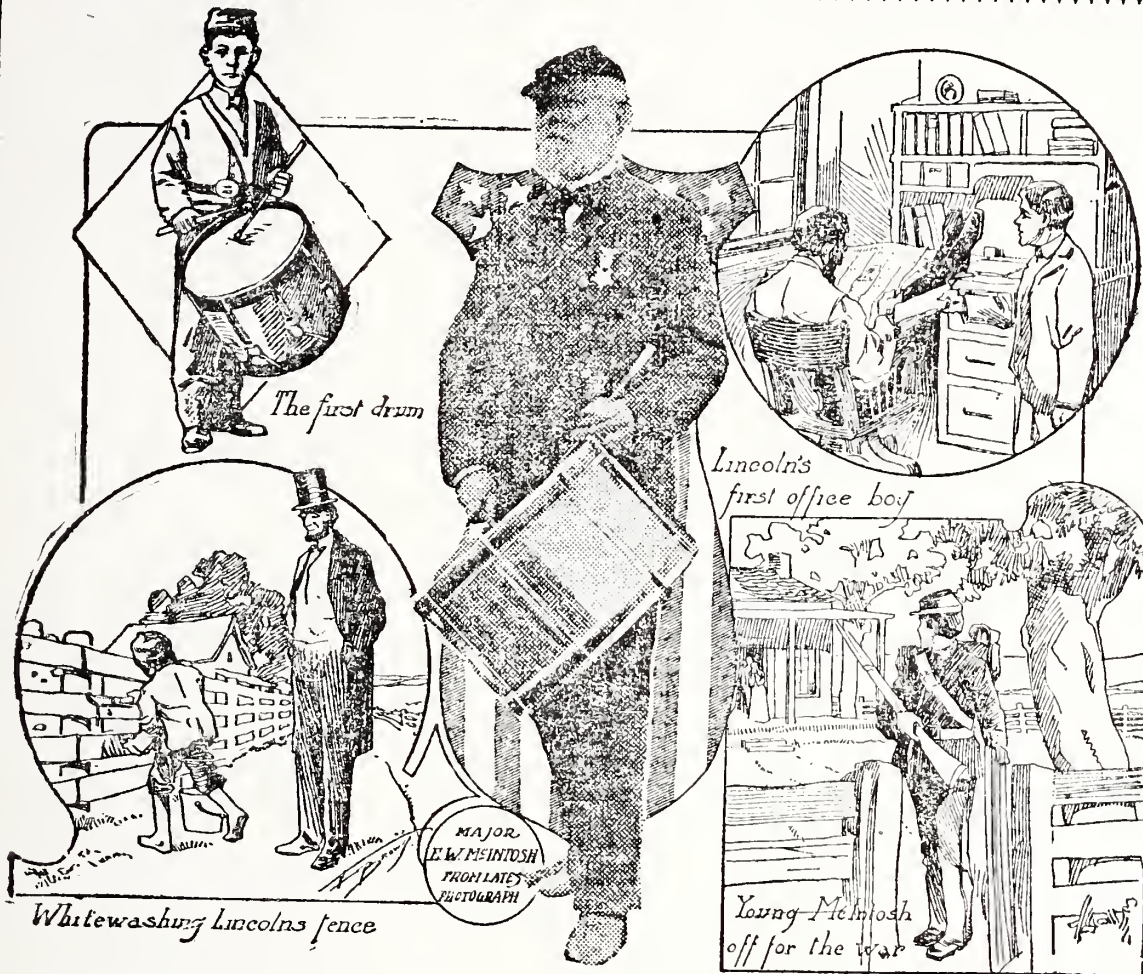
Lincoln Presented Drum.

It was President Lincoln who gave Major McIntosh his first snare drum and instilled into him the desire to go through the war leading the drum corps although but a boy. The drum was given to him by Lincoln on a Christmas tree at the Methodist church, the winter before he was 10 years of age.

In memory of his beloved friend and employer Major McIntosh has written a song in negro dialect entitled "Massa Linkun". The words are set to the air of the "Lily of the Valley," and express all of the tender sentiment for Lincoln that Major McIntosh has cherished for these years. Major McIntosh is past 70 years of age now and visits the encampments, where his drum playing helps him to make a living for himself and family in Omaha.

Abe Lincoln--My Good Boss

The Early Life of the Great Emancipator Described for the First Time by Epenetus McIntosh, Lincoln's Office Boy.



BY MAJ. Epenetus McIntosh.
Lincoln's First Office Boy.

The fact of which I am proudest in all my long life is that I was Abraham Lincoln's office boy.

The one possession which I treasure high above all others is a little drum which Lincoln gave me.

It was not much of a job. And it was never much of a drum. But they were enough to keep my life sweet at its core.

I was the first boy Lincoln ever had; at least I never heard of his having had an earlier one.

Just as office boys anywhere do today, I then thought myself the important member of the establishment. Mr. Lincoln seemed to think well of me, for he kept me two years, gave me much good advice of the direct, homely sort, such as only Lincoln could give, and he gave me the drum.

I must tell of the drum first, because it came first, and has been treasured to the last.

A dozen or so of us urchins were playing soldier in my father's yard, which was across the street from Lincoln's office. I was the drum-

When, back in the middle of the '50s, Abraham Lincoln was a plain lawyer practicing in Springfield, Ill., he appears to have indulged in but one office luxury—an office boy, Epenetus McIntosh, aged 10.

McIntosh afterwards became a drummer boy in the civil war, rose to the rank of major, and survived Andersonville and the great Sultana disaster to become prominent as a poet, writing a book of Grand Army songs.

Maj. McIntosh, now of Omaha, Neb., was the first to enlist in the first Grand Army of the Republic post ever formed—that at Decatur, Ill.—and he is now the only survivor of that post.

Neither Lincoln, who was regarded by his office boy as merely a good lawyer, nor Epenetus McIntosh, who was regarded by his employer as only a good office boy, could foresee that the one was to become the greatest figure in the nation's history, while the other was to write one of the most remarkable human-interest views of the martyred president ever printed.

Today, 100 years after the birth of Lincoln, Maj. McIntosh tells his story for the first time in any publication. He wrote the following exclusively for this newspaper, and it is a document that will endure among the more personal annals of America's greatest chief executive.

mer boy, using a tin pan and a couple of sticks. The lawyer, whom we even then regarded as a great man, looked over the fence and said to us:

"Boys, train up right; we may need you some day."

Christmas came soon after and with it a little drum. Upon that drum I learned to play; and seven years afterward, when Lincoln was president, and called the nation to arms, I, a well grown youth of 17

Continued on page four.

and a good drummer, was the first man to take my stand in front of the old court house at Bloomington, Ill., and there I beat the roll which called for volunteers. It was not the little old Lincoln drum I used that day, but a new one that could be heard all over town.

I have both drums yet, and I have the precious memory of marching off to war as a drummer beating step for troops.

But this has carried me ahead of my story. An old man must be pardoned if he rambles as he writes of matters so close to his heart.

With the little drum Mr. Lincoln gave me I drummed myself into his further notice, and one day he offered me the job of whitewashing his fence. I did it well; and as he stood admiring my work, he asked me if I cared to be his office boy. I eagerly accepted and remained with him until my father moved to another town.

I have always remembered one of the first things Lincoln said to me. It was:

"Work hard; be honest; never gamble; keep smiling, and you will succeed."

He had many quaint sayings about cheerfulness. One I remember was this:

"The world has no use for a grumbler who always keeps his head down and always sees the dark side of life."

Another was this:

"If a cow kicks over a bucket of milk, just milk the next cow and keep on smiling. Smiling will get you more milk than kicking back."

He was never so at ease as when tilted back in his chair with his big feet resting on the table. In this position his great length seemed even greater than it was. It may not seem possible to connect the Lincoln so revered today with an attitude so undignified; but I have often seen him so, and the natural ungainliness of his lank figure rendered him very ludicrous.

His only chair was a Windsor of the hard, rugged, old-fashioned sort, as different as could be imagined from the elegantly upholstered chairs in the offices of leading lawyers today. For visitors there was an uncushioned bench along one wall.

I have heard many stories of his bringing his lunch to the office and eating it off the office table while discussing cases with clients; but I never saw him do that and do not believe he ever did it. But he liked to work in his shirt sleeves when alone in the office.

I have no recollection of any tilts with my boss. He was always kind and good-natured.

He had little respect for smokers. He once remarked for a pipe: "A fire at one end and a fool at the other."

Another recollection I have of him is that he shaved himself, and always came to the office with a perfectly smooth face except in winter, when he allowed his whiskers to grow.

I cannot better close my reminiscences than by quoting a saying which I have heard him utter to many people, but which I have never seen in print:

"Keep a stiff upper lip and a steel backbone, and don't let any one discourage you."

It healed the heart wounds of many a worried client.

Office Boy of 1927 Lincoln Dead; Son Lives Here

LEAVENWORTH (Kan.) July 27.
(AP)—Eppenetus W. McIntosh, 83 years of age, who was Abraham Lincoln's office boy when the Great Emancipator conducted a meager law office in Springfield, Ill., is dead at the old soldiers' home here.

Funeral services were conducted today.

A son, Fred W. McIntosh, lives in Los Angeles.

Lincoln's Office Boy

NOT long ago there was a story in "The Literary Digest" which was something like this. Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois, and often as he studied his law books, he noticed a little neighbor-boy, called Epenetus, parading up and down the alley back of his house for hours at a time, with a paper hat on his head, and beating time on a tin pan.

Lincoln and the boy's father were great friends. So when Christmas came Lincoln thought that a boy who would parade day after day with a make-believe drum should have a real one. So on Christmas morning Epenetus was very happy to receive a snare drum and sticks from his father's friend.

Epenetus McIntosh lived across the street from the Lincoln home, and one day this barefoot boy asked Lincoln for a job, so he could earn a little money. Lincoln set him to painting a fence. It took him a week to finish the job, and then Lincoln gave him the keys to his office and told him to clean it. He did such a good job that he was made office boy, and held the place for two years, earning fifty cents a week. He quit when the family moved away.

This office boy, who later became a major in the army and a good man, remembered all his life advice that Lincoln gave him to guide him when he was an office boy. "Find out what you like to do and then stick to it. Be honest; work hard and don't complain. Don't smoke, don't drink, don't gamble."

